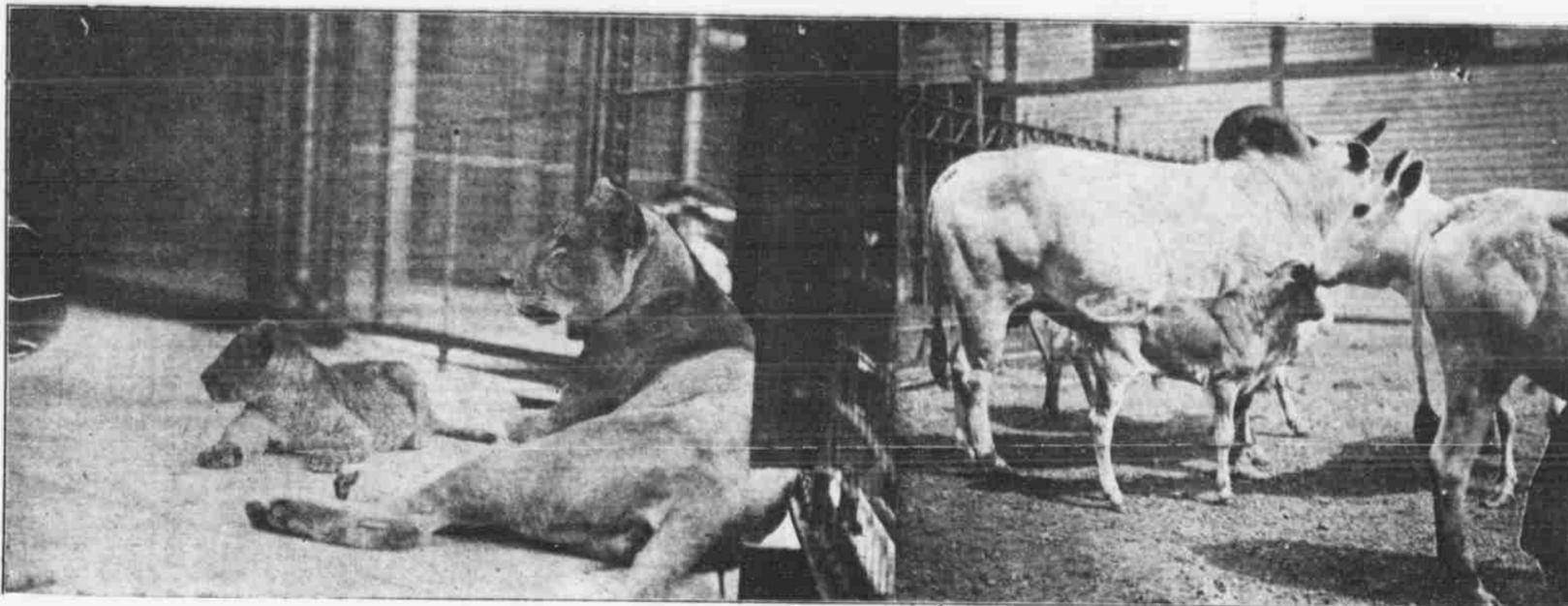


Nursing the Babies of the Zoo



LIONESS AND CUB WATCHING PHOTOGRAPHER.

1905, by T. C. McClure.)
MAMMA, look! The dear, little baby monkey! Isn't he cunnin'?" That is the kind of exclamation heard continually at the "Zoo" in any city of the United States. Whether it be the New York Zoological Park in the Bronx—the finest of its kind in the world—the "Zoo" in Philadelphia, or in San Francisco, or Boston, or Chicago, the keepers will tell you the same thing.

"It is the babies of the Zoo who are the favorites with all our visitors. The cages in which our baby animals are confined always have crowds around them, while the finest grown-up specimens are unheeded. Give the public a few funny four-footed babies to look at, and it is happy; but the Zoo without babies is a dead show."

"This is not surprising. Baby animals, like baby humans, have many captivating little tricks, and the maternal love displayed behind the prison bars of the Zoo would put many a careless human mother to shame.

"Take Mamma Baboon—the mother of that 'dear, little baby monkey.' There is no better mother in the world. She sits at the back of her cage all day long, watching every movement of her offspring with happy pride. She lets him gambol about as much as he likes, so that he may grow strong and agile; but the moment she thinks he is running into the slightest danger she springs upon him, cuddles him tightly in her arms, and retreats to the back of the cage, chattering furiously.

"As a rule," said her keeper, "she is one of the best-tempered monkeys we have got, but now that she has this youngster it's dangerous to go near her. We used to be great friends, but now she snarls at me even when I bring her food. She seems to think the whole world is in a conspiracy to hurt the kid."

While he was speaking, the baby baboon clambered up the side of his home to look at some orang-outangs in the next cage. The cages were not separated by bars, as is usual in zoos, but by a thick plate-glass partition. Resenting the baby's inquisitiveness, the orang-outangs screamed crossly at him.

Mamma Baboon's anger was aroused in an instant. How dared those common monkeys speak disrespectfully to her beautiful baby! For five minutes she tried to work her way through the glass partition so that she might tear them to pieces. She bit and clawed and butted and kicked, and when at last she found it was impossible to get through, she contented herself with telling the orang-outangs what she thought of them in language which sounded highly profane.

A photographer came along and tried to take the baby's picture. The little fellow, insatiably curious like most babies, was willing enough to come to the front of the cage and examine the little black box. But the mother was suspicious. Again and again she dragged him as far from the evil eye of the camera as possible, until the photographer had eventually to give up in despair.

"Are all monkey mothers as good as this one?" the keeper was asked.

"Yes," he replied. "They are the best mothers in the world. Most animals make good mothers, but the monkey is the best of all. The most pathetic sight I ever saw was a monkey mother mourning over her dead baby."

Not many monkeys are born in captivity, especially of the larger kinds. Baboons and chimpanzees rarely breed in zoos. There are more monkey babies born at the Bronx zoo than in any other American institution, and, indeed, more animal babies of every kind. That is because the authorities at the Bronx keep the animals as nearly in a state of nature as possible. They give them larger cages than any

other zoo in the world, with trees and rocks, so that they may run and clamber and swing themselves about as they would do in their native jungles and mountains. The rigors of captivity are thus softened and the animals are kept in excellent health and spirits.

To the question "How do you manage to keep the babies alive?" a gray-haired, veteran keeper replied:

"It isn't up to us as a rule. We leave it to the mothers when we possibly can. They know more about it than we do, and nine times out of ten they wouldn't let us interfere, anyway, if they could help it. You try to teach a lioness or a female chimpanzee how to mind her baby, and she will soon let you know her views on the subject.

"Now and then, however, the mother dies, and we have to do our 'stunt' as dry nurses. It isn't easy. First of all, we have to win the confidence and love of the baby, which has been taught by its mother to regard mankind with suspicion. Often the aggravating little creature won't eat or drink, and food has to be forced down its throat.

"I know a keeper who brought up a baby grizzly on the bottle. He used to nurse it in his arms just like a child, give it its milk and its pap, and sing lullabies to hush it to sleep. It grew quite fond of him, and as soon as it could walk it used to follow him about the place like a dog.

"The question of the milk is always a serious one. It is extremely difficult to get a fluid resembling the mother's milk. Mistakes are often made, and we have to learn by experience.

"We use condensed milk mixed in boiled water for baby monkeys. Its hygienic qualities are superior to those of cow's milk, and it is less likely to cause distemper, dysentery and other complaints which monkey flesh is heir to. Into a

quart of this milk we squeeze the juice of two bananas through a cheese cloth, and also some orange juice. Small monkeys, such as ringtails and marmosets, are fed from the bottle, just like human babies; but the larger monkeys are taught to drink out of a cup from infancy. They are stronger than human babies, and can lift the cup when they are very young.

"Sometimes baby monkeys cannot be induced to take any nourishment from the keeper's hands. In that case the skin of an animal or some hairy cloth is laid upon the floor of the cage, with several bottles of milk under it. Holes are cut in the cloth, through which the nipples of the bottles protrude. The monkey is then left alone, and, sooner or later, he will take all the milk he needs.

"Mountain sheep," the keeper went on, "are raised on ordinary cow's milk which has been steeped in grass. Bear cubs are fed upon milk and 'zweiback.' A great many of these cubs are caught in Germany, when their eyes are hardly open, by shooting their parents, and 'zweiback' is regarded as being the best food for them.

"Wolf cubs are also fed on it sometimes, but they get beef tea as well as milk. Juvenile snakes are easily provided for. All you have to do is to crush up grass-hoppers small enough for them to swallow. Lion cubs are raised by the bottle on milk and beef tea."

Baby antelopes, wolves, foxes and many other animals have been successfully raised on the bottle by keepers. Some time ago a baby hippopotamus had to be dry nursed at the Central park zoo in New York. It was found that cow's milk mixed with the juice of crushed grass was the nearest approach to the milk of the mother. Central park's zoo is famous the world over for its success in raising baby hippos. The hippopotamus very rarely breeds in captivity, and prac-

tically all those which have been produced in recent years have come from Central park. They are traded off to zoos in various parts of the world in exchange for other animals.

"You talk as if you often had to dry nurse these babies. Do the mothers die so frequently?" the keeper who had given all this information was asked.

"No, but we often have to take the babies away from their mothers," he replied. "As I have said, we always leave them when we can; but sometimes the mothers do their best to kill their babies through over-kindness, and sometimes—though much more rarely—through neglect.

"Last winter a grizzly bear cub died through exposure to the cold. Its mother went to her den and slept, leaving the poor little thing outside. It had only just been born and didn't know enough to get out of the cold. We found it badly frostbitten, and applied all kinds of restoratives, but it died.

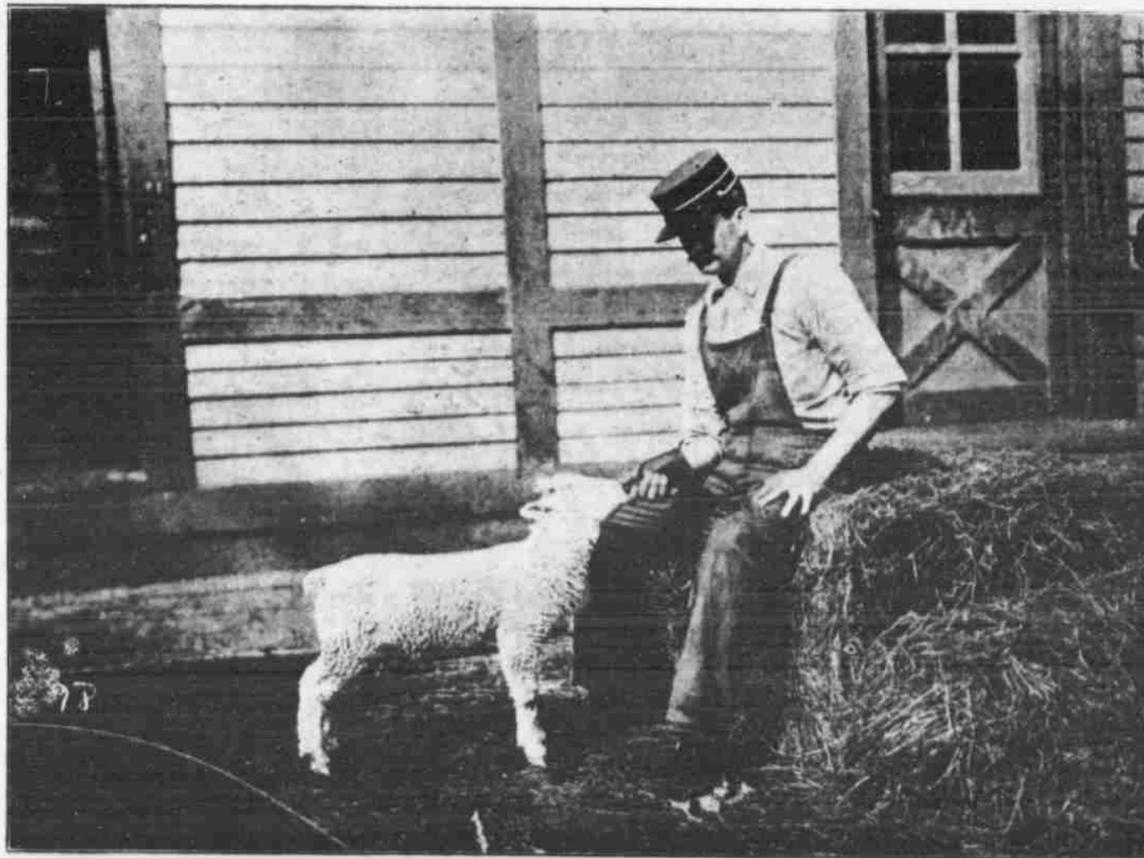
"That was an unusual case. Over fondness is more common. A lioness will be so proud of her cubs that she will carry them about by the nape of the neck until they choke, or she will fondly play about with them until she knocks them against the bars of the cage and beats their brains out. We have to watch for signs of this dangerous mother love, and when we see any it's up to us to separate mother and child."

The keeper paused, thinking of several fierce encounters to which this necessity had led.

"Say," he went on, "that's a tough contract. The lioness robbed of her whelps is no mere figure of speech in our business. She's an awful reality.

"How do we separate them? Well, sometimes we keep her off with a pitchfork while we pass the cubs to a man at the

(Continued on Page Fifteen.)



FEEDING THE BABY AOUADAD FROM A BOTTLE.